THE COMMONWEAL

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RELIGION AND EDUCATION

DR. JOHN J. TIGERT, United States Commissioner of Education, speaking before the National Education Association at its annual meeting in Indianapolis, put a profound truth into lucid and thought-compelling phrases when he said—"Although we have no religious or educational system established by our federal government, yet to one who flits about as I do into every corner of every state in our union, nothing is so obviously national and so clearly in the mind of the people as religion and education."

Taking these two important factors in American life separately, each is seen to be the storm centre of multitudinous problems; yet only a hopeless pessimism could conclude that these problems are insoluble. The American people have overcome so many troubles and acute crises threatening their existence as a nation, that it surely should be one of the first articles in the creed of Americanism that the innate good-will and common sense of our people are sufficient to solve our present perplexities in the fields of religious difficulties and educational problems. It is when these two great factors begin to interlock—and such seems the inevitable tendency at present—that really dangerous social and political friction follows, threatening conflict and an almost fundamental disharmony. In all parts of the country agitations are in progress, and laws are being passed, or are in process of being passed, restricting or utterly alienating the imparting of religious instruction to public school children during the school hours. Graver results of this condition, happily nullified by Supreme Court action, were such laws as the notorious Oregon school bill, and the attempt to amend state constitutions to force all children to attend public schools in which no religious training shall be permitted.

Yet in the face of all this, the words of the Commissioner of Education remain true and express the views of many thoughtful observers of the present state of confusion. Dr. D. W. Morehouse, president of Drake University, recently wrote to the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, a Jewish organization which has been studying the problem of religious education, to this effect—

"My experience has led to the conviction that the students of our land are fundamentally interested in religion as they are in science, and when religion is taught with the same viewpoint and open-mindedness with which science is presented to the world, the student will accept it."

The president of Connecticut College, Dr. Benjamin T. Marshall, gave even more emphatic expression to the same point of view, saying—

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"Day by day I come more surely to hold the conviction that important as the material, social, and recreational interests are, unless they are built up upon a religious foundation and flavored and sustained by religious impulse and feeling, they will engulf us and be our own undoing."

While the National Education Association was meeting in Indianapolis, the Catholic Educational Association was in session in Pittsburgh. Both associations dealt with many practical educational problems of a quite similar nature. In many ways their problems are identical. Yet if one were to study the discussions of the various groups within each association it would be clear that the great, and as yet impassable, gulf between the two types of education represented by these two great bodies, is the great question of religious training. Despite the testimony given by Commissioner Tigert, generally speaking those who took part in the National Education Association's convention, contented themselves with occasional and passing references to some vague sort of "moral training" that would be desirable to give in connection with the secular education of the child.

Turning to the Catholic Educational Association's discussions, one finds that the supreme issue is the necessity of unfaltering adhesion to the principle of the Catholic Church that Catholic children must be educated wherever possible under Catholic supervision, and in the atmosphere of the faith. It would be well if the reasons why this principle of Catholic education is given its paramount place by Catholic authorities and Catholic teachers, could be more widely and truly understood. Among Catholics and non-Catholics there is today a deplorable lack of knowledge concerning Catholic education—particularly as concerns its fundamental factor, namely, the parochial school. Perhaps this lack of knowledge is due in a large measure to the fact that Catholic educators have been so much engrossed in their great task that they have neglected to explain and elucidate their work, so that both their own people and the non-Catholic public might more clearly grasp the reason for the Catholic school system. Catholic educators have done little to enlighten the public regarding the real purpose of the parish school and its true reasons for being. They have assumed that the law of the Church on the subject was all-sufficient, and have not taken the time to point out the facts which show that the parish school is the logical and necessary outgrowth of the teachings and practice of the Church. They have not explained the methods of teaching followed, and their importance as the mechanism by which the spirit as well as the doctrine of religion permeate all forms of instruction during the child's impressionable and plastic years. The parochial school is far too important a feature of the work of the Church to be dealt with in an occasional sermon, or during the campaign to raise funds for the building of a school, or through more or less perfunctory announcements at the opening of the school sessions. What seems to be called for is continuous and well-informed general publicity on the subject—from the pulpits, in the press, public addresses, pamphlets and books. Catholics must learn the principles on which Catholic elementary education is based if they are to assist in resisting the threatened invasion of their rights regarding the training of their children. Non-Catholics need to know the facts regarding the Catholic principles and practice in this grave issue, if they are to arrive at reasonable and unprejudiced judgments concerning the Catholic school.

Dr. George Johnson, associate professor of education at the Catholic University, in his address before the general meeting of Catholic Educators at Pittsburgh, in speaking of public school education, said—

"It no longer knows of whose spirit it is, nor whither it is tending. While the American people by no means have lost faith in education, there is every evidence that the thinking populace is losing faith in the kind of education the schools are providing."

This may be so—nevertheless we are inclined to believe that the "thinking populace" must be in a very small minority, and confined to people whose experience and habits of thought place them apart from the general body of the public. But generally speaking, there seems to be a misleading complacency concerning education, to be observed in Catholics regarding their own schools; and in the case of both Catholics and non-Catholics regarding the public schools. There is either a general feeling that these schools are quite all right as they are—or else there is a tendency to leave the whole matter of education in the dangerous hands of legislators or of educational specialists. There are grave dangers to be expected from both these groups if they are left to their own devices without being carefully watched and checked by a public, well-informed at least on the general subject of public education.

That the non-Catholic public—always excepting that small but noisy minority rabidly opposed to all things even remotely connected with Catholicism—would find in the real argument of the case for the Catholic schools nothing to cause apprehension, but a very great deal that would necessarily gain their approbation, is a fact which is clearly apparent in the proceedings of the Catholic Educational Association. Motivating all the comment, all the diverse views and opinions, all the conflicting criticisms of details, is a fixed and firm agreement on fundamental principles. The platform of these Catholic educators can be expressed in words spoken by Dr. Johnson on another occasion—

"We might say then, that the aim of the Catholic elementary school is to provide the child with those experiences which are calculated to develop in him such knowledge, appreciation, and habit as will yield a character equal to the contingencies of fundamental Christian living in American democratic society."

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WEEK BY WEEK

ONCE again—this time because of the Governor's veto—the state of Wisconsin has rejected a measure to subject feeble-minded persons to enforced sterilization. The Governor argued that the bill discriminated unfairly against poor patients sent to public institutions, upon discharge from which official physicians might impose sterilization, while wealthier defectives could purchase immunity by going to private hospitals. There is no doubt, however, that he and a goodly number of citizens resent the offense to human dignity involved in the administration of such a law. The problem of what is usually termed the "moron," and his progeny, is of course, a difficult one. Many physicians even advise sterilization; relatives are often harassed by fear of what may happen, and it is obvious that defective children are a heavy charge upon society. But clearly, all these things put together, will not justify the conclusion that government should be given control over the most personal and intimate rights of its citizens. Human freedom is too high a price to pay for human efficiency.

NOR, even supposing the principle were granted, are the dangers inherent in the administration of such a law to be lightly disregarded. The administration of penal justice, in a sphere where the rights of the state are indisputable, is so often at fault, biased and blind, that one of the basic struggles of modern democracy has been for a lessening rather than extension of juridical power. Can we decently promise ourselves that medical bureaus, acting in obscurity and possibly on the strength of immature diagnoses, will avoid the commission of irretrievable error and the violation of a sacred human privilege? It is strange how often the modern liberal compromises with his initial principles on issues such as this. He is ready for ninety-nine varieties of the "new" liberty, but an innate, immemorial, and prescriptive right to liberty he too frequently fails to see. By comparison, the position of the Catholic Church on such issues is noticeably sane. It is not merely charity which forbids Christian ethics to see in sterilization the proper curb to fasten upon the defective. It is sheer justice which denies that any social law or government by man can claim to regulate the administration of nature.

THE manifesto against Communism, issued in vigorous language by Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, is an interesting document in more ways than one. Its frank summary of Moscow propaganda reads like what we used to suppose might be the nightmare of a nervous capitalist; its resumé of Communistic ventures in journalism will leave any mere middle-class editor breathless. But Mr. Sigman's most striking point is that Bolshevism no longer reckons on a mass conversion of labor. It contents itself with organizing, in numberless factories and within the ranks of organized labor, "cells" of action which shall pay particular attention to the destruction and demoralization of their immediate environment. As the fifth Moscow Congress phrased it, "the basis of the organization of the Communist party is the cell of activity—in the plant, the factory, the mine, the bureau, the store, on the farm, etc.—to which must belong all members of the party working in that place." This is a phase of the Communist movement which has been developed since 1924; and though we have little reason for supposing that it will be notably successful in present-day America, there is some utility in observing how far it has gone in other countries.

"CELLULAR" activity in France, for example, has become both spectacular and menacing. The groupe economique of Saint-Etienne, perhaps the most important industrial combination in the country, felt obliged to warn the government that serious revolutionary trouble was impending. Meanwhile the army and various other departments of the state service, had become infested with cells; and certain of the Communist journals boasted openly of "the day of reckoning." Newspapers, pamphlets, and assemblies carried on the work of organization to a point where strikes were set afoot to cement the "cellular" solidarity which some branches of the labor population already accepted as a fact. The outstanding effect of all this has been, perhaps, to spread Communism through the provinces quite as effectively as it had already been scattered about in Paris. It would seem, however, that a definite reaction against all this agitation has

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set in. The war with Abd-el-Krim has brought to light the slow poisoning of the army, and has convinced many that the national welfare must be upheld in the teeth of Moscow. Whether this sentiment will last is one question: whether in the end France may not become an armed camp in which Bolshevism struggles with Fascism, is another.

THE bestowal of a degree of Master of Arts, "honoris causa," by the faculty of Bowdoin College upon Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, known to thousands upon thousands of the stricken and their friends as Mother Mary Alphonsa of Rosary Hill, is a singularly graceful act, and comes with singular fitness from the college where her distinguished father spent four years of his youth. It may almost be said that the noble gesture made by Mother Alphonsa soon after her conversion when she decided her life's work should be the caring for those whom hospitals are forced to reject as incurable victims of the fellest of diseases, has by now entered into and become a part of the national consciousness in America. Any form of charity whatsoever has a sanitative beneficent effect upon society, radiating spiritual light and healing far beyond the groups that immediately benefit by it. But in this chosen task of smoothing the path to the grave for those who are already in its shadow, there is a certain precious quality that sets it apart. One likes to fancy that, in the unforeseen and noble destiny that waited upon the "Rosebud" of the Hawthorne letters, some inherited strain from the creator of Hester Prynne and Hepzibah Pyncheon was at work from the beginning—some divine spark of the sympathy that made warped lives and wrecked lives so strangely akin to Nathaniel Hawthorne's brooding and mystic imagination.

NOW that Bowdoin College, in honoring the daughter, has honored the most distinguished of its alumni on the centenary of his graduation, it is an interesting comparison with new times and fashions to recall what is known of the novelist's career at the little Maine university. Horatio Bridge, a classmate who survived well into the 'nineties, is our authority for this rather obscure period in the life of the author of The Scarlet Letter. The mere fact that he entered Bowdoin one of a class of eighty, gives some idea of the minute scale on which great results were thought possible a hundred years ago. Yet among the men of his year were President Pierce, four United States senators, and John B. Hale, the abolitionist—not forgetting Calvin E. Stowe, fated to be known for all time as the husband of the gifted Harriet Beecher. It is doubtful whether any class that has graduated this year from our swollen universities will equal the record. It is also dubious whether Hawthorne's academic tastes would earn him popularity from today's strenuous youth, or approval from its earnest and painful mentors. They seem to have included no taste whatever for athletics, even as athletes were understood in 1825, a positive hatred for the exact sciences, a determination made evident on public occasions to live his own life of thought, and an unashamed liking for card and wine parties.

IT was a favorite saying of the late Cardinal Manning that too many of the school and college friends whom he met in later life were forced, on questioning, to admit that their "Greek was drowned and their Latin swimming for its life." That the old speech of Rome, at least, is in no immediate danger of sinking in this country, appears from the report just issued by the American Classical League, which met at Indianapolis last week, and which records an "enormous" increase in enrollment for classical courses at our schools and universities. That the element of the unexpected may not be spared us, the league even notes that the movement towards the humanities is most marked in the Middle-West—a section which novelists of the disillusioned school have succeeded in associating pretty thoroughly with Rotary clubs, Elk conventions, Fords and Babbitts. The Indianapolis report should do something to correct the impression that studies which cannot be converted into cash values within a year of graduation, are falling into disfavor in America. A complaint so often voiced cannot, one suspects, be entirely groundless. But it makes all the difference in the world whether it is true of the generation now arriving at mature life, after a youth spent in a particularly arid and materialistic atmosphere, or of the men who will be our teachers, leaders, and men of affairs in a decade or two. These last, it is plain, value the mental discipline and intellectual background which the classics best afford.

THERE are coincidences that seem to be arranged by some providence with an eye to the colorful. One such was certainly the chance that left in the hands of M. l'Abbé Jules Eugene Chaperon the task of pronouncing in French the panegyric upon the seven Jesuit martyrs of North America at the Convent of Mercy in Washington Square recently. A mere recital of the actions that the late chaplain-general of the French forces in Syria has managed to crowd into a life of less than fifty years, carries one back straight to the heroic epoch of which Blessed Isaac Jogues and his companions were such striking exemplars. To have been a zouave in early manhood, a member of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers of the Soudan, the savior of a village from abandonment by its peasants, and the devoted foster-father for fifteen years of an orphanage and sanitarium for tuberculous children, would alone be considered biographical data for a fairly "full life." When a list of war services is added that includes five general actions, a wound, and four citations for valor, the military medal, and the knight-

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hood of the Legion of Honor, one must certainly recognize the element of the heroic.

THE mission which brings Abbé Chaperon, fittingly described by General Gouraud as a "soldier-priest," to the United States is a pathetic and appealing one. Twenty-two years ago, the curé of La Martre, an almost inaccessible but very salubrious village in the department of the Var, was struck with the fate of many children of the poor who were dying of tuberculosis in the towns for lack of proper attention. With no resources except the generosity of occasional visitors from the Riviera resort of Thorenc nearby, a beginning was made, and a handful of orphans or foundling children taken on and cared for. Invalided to this remote parish after illness in Algeria, Abbé Chaperon, who, as may be guessed from his record, is a man of energy and resource, set himself to win friends for the enterprise with the result that, for the first time in its history, the little home and dispensary is free of debt, and it has been possible to open a branch at Grasse for those cases which cannot stand the rigors of the mountains. At the suggestion of the many friends in America whom his work has made for him, Abbé Chaperon conceived the idea of associating this branch of the "Work of Our Lady of the Mountain" with the name of Comte de Grasse who was born nearby, and who once received the thanks of President Washington and Congress for his share in the victory of Yorktown. It is as the director of the Comte de Grasse Memorial, first and foremost, that Abbé Chaperon is here on a mission of charity.

THE third annual meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, held in Chicago under the presidency of Professor David McCabe, who contributes to this issue of The Commonweal an illuminating account of the proceedings, was a notable continuation of an undertaking which has helped to interpret many aspects of social and economic activity. The purpose of this conference is to affiliate industry and sound principle—to bring together students, representatives of capital and labor, and persons in public life, for the purpose of realizing how closely the great social declarations of the Papacy are allied to the acute, practical problems of business enterprise. At the close of this year's session, the conference insured its future by electing as president, Mr. Frederick Kenkel, director of the Central Bureau of the Central Verein. It was Mr. Kenkel's debate with Father John A. Ryan on the subject of the child labor amendment which aroused most interest at this year's session. As director of a very active society for the promotion of sound social principle, the new president has proved his mettle as a scholar and a leader of men. The Central Bureau is a comparatively humble foundation, devoted to energetic achievement rather than to promoting its own publicity. We hope that the new honor which has come to Mr. Kenkel (who is also a Knight of Saint Gregory) will help to make his life-work better known and more widely aided. We are sure that under his leadership the conference will interest a large number of Catholics in those important problems of the social weal which confront the world.

IT was one hundred years last month since Richard Blackmore was born, and mention may be made of that fact since he was the author of a book which is never likely to fade quite out of memory—the well-known novel, Lorna Doone. Blackmore was not a Devonian by birth, oddly enough, for he was born in Berkshire, but went to school at Blundell's, Tiverton, Devon—that celebrated institution which has turned out so many distinguished west-countrymen, at which he placed his hero "girt Jan Ridd," the delight of many thousands of boys and girls. The Doone country and Badgeworthy Water in Exmoor still attract many visitors every year, to meet with some disappointment, it is true, for the celebrated water-slide is far from being as impressive in nature as in the book. But no man who has climbed Dunkerry Hill on a fine day, has ever come down disappointed. Blackmore was a lawyer by profession, but a grower of fruit by affection, as many of his later novels prove.

THE SCOPES DILEMMA

AT THE moment of writing, it seems uncertain whether the much-heralded Scopes case at Dayton will proceed or be transferred to another and more decorous court, under federal jurisdiction. There also seems to be considerable uncertainty concerning the conduct of the Scopes defense by the numerous and heterogeneous force of lawyers engaged for that purpose. The beating of tom-toms and blowing of horns for purely publicity purposes, on the part at least of some of those who have been actively promoting the affair, has disgusted some of the more conservative participants in the Scopes defense, so that there are rumors of the resignation from the case of at least one eminent lawyer, and the enforced elimination of possibly another. However the matter proceeds, it seems reasonably certain that whether in Dayton or in a federal court elsewhere, the case will be brought to trial. Pending the arrival of reports from the battle front, it may be profitable to consider one issue of great importance, although having nothing to do with the merits or demerits of the evolutionary theory, or of the right of the state of Tennessee to legislate as to whether that theory shall be taught in its public schools.

The issue to which we refer is concerned with the right or wrong of that deeply rooted instinct which impels us to say that our children shall receive one kind of education and no other. There is question of the right of the family—of the common citizen's fam-

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ily—to defend its moral and cultural code against aggression. The native American mind of Tennessee, like the mind of Mr. Bryan, is conservative and Protestant. Its religion is based on a reverent literal reading of the Bible, and it wishes to bring up its children in that religion. The practical results of evolutionary teaching, not as it could conceivably be given, but as it actually has been given, are considered destructive of conservative Protestantism. Therefore the trouble, the law, and the indictment of the otherwise insignificant Professor Scopes.

Now there can be no honest doubt that a parent is not only entitled, but is also in duty bound, to provide for his children a form of education which he can call morally good. To deny this—either in Tennessee or in Oregon—is to deny the legitimacy of liberty of conscience. But expecting the public schools to conform with a private, or a group, viewpoint is another matter. We might just as reasonably expect the public parks to furnish citizens with little potato patches of their own, or appropriate the city hall clock for a friend's drawing-room. Public school education means, and can only mean, elimination of individual standards, and particularly of individual religious convictions. The very fact that there are many creeds, means that the public school must have none. Catholics, Jews, Lutherans, and others have long since recognized this situation, and have paid vast sums for educational institutions of their own. They have not been opposed to the public schools; they have simply recognized their necessary limitations.

Is the Protestant American mind following suit? Does the conservative Protestant begin to see what is hidden in the wood-pile? The Tennessee situation is an answer in the affirmative. Citizens of that commonwealth have passed a law to prohibit instruction which they judge destructive of confidence in the literal text of the Scriptures as those Scriptures are understood by various Protestant sects, each claiming its own reading as orthodox. They may conceivably pass other laws to the same effect. The point at issue, Mr. Bryan has told us, is who shall determine what shall be taught in the people's schools. But before assuming further educational responsibility, the American Protestant ought to treat himself to a considerable amount of reflection, on the subject—the very old subject—of whether it is possible to eat one's cake and have it too. Can the public school, at this stage of the world's history, be dedicated to a literal interpretation of Genesis or any similar canon? Can the religious frame of mind which this assumes, be imposed by law upon educators and pupils? The answer is plainly, no. Whatever one's attitude may be towards evolution, or Mr. Bryan, or the paleolithic age, there is no doubt that an ethical outlook cannot be dictatorially imposed by a legislature.

What Tennessee really wants, what the conservative Protestant really wants, is inter-denominational education. They want schools which uphold definite religious beliefs and habits. They seek the kind of class-benches they think their children ought to have. That this conclusion is not far-fetched, is proved by a multitude of other circumstances. The program for the convention of the Religious Education Association, held recently in Milwaukee, stressed above all else the matter of week-day religious instruction. All prominent church educators now agree that Sunday-school classes are not sufficient for the proper religious training of young people, and that ways and means for continuing this training through the week must be found. In New York City, a committee has launched a campaign for withdrawing children from the public schools for a limited amount of instruction by their pastors. Which way the wind blows is clearly shown by the petition of Laurence B. Stein for an injunction to prevent the authorities of Mount Vernon, New York, from dismissing pupils from the city schools for a weekly forty-five minutes of religious education. Stein is supported by the New York Free Thinkers' Society. The court granted the injunction.

Inter-denominational education would be difficult to establish in the United States. In the first place, habits are difficult to shake off. In the second place, the veteran school teacher has his own point of view. Over one-half of the high-school principals of New York City opposed making room for religious instruction, on the ground that it would tend to create class distinctions. These men have a deep-rooted feeling that they are "educating for democracy"—for a society in which differences will be ironed out by a common education, and in which religious beliefs will be strictly "private affairs." But if the Protestant churches of the United States were to make up their minds that consistent religious training is a necessity, there is little doubt but that they could introduce into this country a system patterned after Canadian, English, or German education—a system which would afford a schooling somewhat more nearly like what many earnest parents desire for their children, and which would stem the ominous moral decadence of the nation.

What the future will bring, we do not propose to guess at. But it is clear that the American Protestant faces a dilemma: he must either be content to accept the public schools quite as they are and not attempt legislative absurdities, or he must work for inter-denominational schools. The only way out would be to build up a parochial school system, which if it were practicable would have the ironical effect of segregating from all the religious bodies in the country, the "public" institutions. There is some comedy in what is happening in Tennessee, but there is more of something like tragedy—the tragedy of parents who see their children slip from the moorings of Christian faith into a modernized spiritual indifference, so much the more ruinous because "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

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CATHOLICS AND ECONOMICS

By DAVID A. McCABE

THE THIRD annual meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, recently concluded in Chicago, gave evidence of an encouraging advance in public interest in the application of religious standards to the human problems of industry. It was by all odds the most successful meeting of the conference to date. The attendance was larger, more persons participated in the discussions, and more attention was given the conference outside its own natural constituency. All indications justify the optimistic conclusion that the sessions did a great deal to spread understanding of Catholic social principles, and appreciation of the bearing of these principles upon present-day industrial issues.

The purpose and character of the conference were well exemplified in the opening session. The subject for discussion was the one question within the sphere of reference of the conference which had aroused most controversy during the year that had passed since the last meeting—the proposed child labor amendment. This topic was not chosen without full realization that the adoption of the amendment is not now within the realm of practical politics. But the enduring importance of the principles involved and the marked differences of opinion among Catholics on the proposed amendment itself, seemed to call for a full discussion of the subject in a Catholic forum dedicated to analysis of questions of just this type.

The leading champions of the respective viewpoints were worthy of the occasion. They were Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan and Mr. Frederick P. Kenkel, K.S.G., of St. Louis, director of the Central Bureau of the Central Verein. Mr. Kenkel has been one of the vice-presidents of the conference from its beginning and later in the meeting was elected president of the conference for the coming year.

Father Ryan was, as always, clear, forceful, and appreciative of opposing considerations. Mr. Kenkel presented a highly dignified, scholarly argument against centralization, drawn from both European and American experience. This was supplemented by an earnest plea for the concentration of moral pressure on the states backward in child labor legislation. Mr. Kenkel found material for his carefully planned argument against further centralization in authorities as diverse and as representative as Francis Lieber, Bishop von Ketteler and President Coolidge.

The ensuing discussion from the floor ran on for an hour and three-quarters. The speakers were evenly divided for and against the amendment. Among them was Miss Mary McDowell, of the Welfare Department of the city of Chicago, a well-known non-Catholic social worker, who spoke on invitation from the chairman. Those who feared that "the trade-unionists and social reform crowd will have it all their own way in the conference" (to quote a statement made before the meeting) should have heard the cross-examination to which Dr. Ryan was subjected. Laymen and laywomen led in the questioning. Dr. Ryan seemed to enjoy it. The whole session was an illuminating exhibit of Catholic unity on the necessity of following ethical principles in industry, combined with strong differences of opinion as to the agencies through which these principles should be enforced.

The session which came next in order of interest and length of discussion was that on women in industry. The program speakers were a Chicago employer, a vice-president of the Women's Trade Union League, and Rev. Dr. John M. Cooper, of the Catholic University of America. The discussion from the floor carried this discussion also far beyond the time fixed for adjournment.

Much testimony was given by working women as to the great improvement brought about in the conditions of women's work. More was said of the necessity of further improvement and the reliance to be placed respectively on voluntary action by employers, trade-union organization, and state action. Criticism of employers for failure to act, and for opposition to remedial legislation, brought on some warm passages, and the trade-unionists and "legislative reformers" were reminded vigorously of the difficulties which employers have to face.

Progressive movements in the direction of industrial peace and of workers' insurance within industry, occupied the other two discussion sessions. The achievements of voluntary arbitration and of governmental agencies, in bringing about settlements, were presented in papers by the national secretary of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union, the director of industrial relations of the People's Gas Company of Chicago, and the director of conciliation of the United States Department of Labor. The difficulties in the way of arbitration of certain types of questions were not overlooked in the discussion, but hope was held out for a considerable advance through voluntary action if both parties can be brought to accept common standards of fairness. Religious-minded people, it was noted, can contribute greatly to the production of the necessary right-mindedness.

The provision of workingmen's insurance by voluntary associations of workers, or of workers and employers, was one of the measures strongly urged by Leo XIII. In the session on labor insurance the conference was able to record highly encouraging progress along this line in America in the past few

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years. Attention was directed to the spread of joint agreements providing for insurance against unemployment, particularly in the garment industry, in a paper by an officer of the Insurance Fund of the ladies' garment industry in New York City. An assistant general manager of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company told of the advances made by his company. A national officer of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers outlined the plan of the American Federation of Labor for a great extension of insurance activities by organized labor. At the close of this session, a trade-union officer expressed to me his great gratification, not without a note of surprise, at the forward-looking statements made by employers during the discussion.

The high point of the meeting was reached in the dinner session on the concluding evening. Over three hundred persons, many of them non-Catholics, gathered to hear the exposition of the social teachings of the Catholic Church. The proceedings were also sent out over the radio. Who knows how many radio "fans," dialing perhaps in search of jazz or baseball scores, had their attention caught and held by hearing the teachings of the old Church on modern industrial problems coming from the banquet hall of a great Chicago hotel?

The primary purpose of this session was the exposition of Catholic principles of social action as applied by Leo XIII, the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council, and the American hierarchy. Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J., Dean of the Loyola University School of Sociology, was a gracious and expediting chairman. The encyclical "Rerum Novarum" was of course presented first. This was done in two papers. Mrs. James E. Meehan, of Milwaukee, editor of the Women's Catholic Forester, opened the session in very happy fashion. A lay, academic economist presented the second paper.

That section of the pastoral of the American hierarchy which deals with industrial relations was discussed by Rev. Russell J. Wilbur, of St. Louis. Father Wilbur's speech was a treat. He trod on many corns, yet did it so delightfully and impartially that even those who might be expected to feel hurt seemed to be captivated by him. His presentation of the lines of action recommended by the hierarchy was both clear and discriminating. He was careful to point out what the bishops had avoided saying, as well as what they had expressly approved or discountenanced.

Bishop Muldoon was the last speaker listed on the program. He gave the background of the program of reconstruction of the four bishops, of whom he was one, and the reasons which supported the main planks. One felt it a privilege to listen to this earnest churchman, as he told the story of the bold stand taken by himself, Cardinal Hayes and Bishops Russell and Schrembs, in the days when men were asking one another on what lines the world could be rebuilt. The program of reconstruction can be judged only in the setting of the time in which it was issued. We must not forget that it brought Catholic social principles in a striking manner to the attention of an industrial multitude which had become sceptical of the interest of the Church in industrial justice.

Mayor Dever, Professor Graham Taylor, of the University of Chicago, and Mr. Kenkel also spoke briefly. The mayor and Professor Taylor emphasized the significance of the work undertaken by the conference and testified to the impression it had made on the city of Chicago. Professor Taylor paid a gracious tribute to the Church for her continuous battle through the ages for the improvement of the condition of the toiling masses, and recognized the need of her teaching on social rights and duties. He gave public expression to the many congratulations offered the conference by non-Catholics throughout the whole meeting.

I have endeavored to give the reader, who has borne with this account thus far, a faithful impression of what this conference is like. The answer to the inevitable question, what good does it accomplish, has also been suggested, I hope. The conference undoubtedly makes better known the principles of Catholic social action. This is of itself no mean achievement, and one which cannot be attained to the same degree by lectures or brochures. The conference presents these principles in connection with discussions of practical applications of them. The application is not made in binding fashion in the conference but the necessity of *some* application is made more evident.

Again, the conference does emphasize those things which unite us, as against those on which we differ. The margin of difference is made no greater by frank recognition of its existence and free discussion of the things which created it. On the other hand, the reiteration of the bonds of common faith and of common ethical standards, helps to bring those of conflicting industrial interests to a more charitable and tolerant attitude toward each other. All this is quite apart from the purely intellectual widening of our grasp of the complex factors and forces which have led one side or the other to the position which it has assumed.

Finally, it is not without effect in promoting interest in the Church, that Catholics are busying themselves in the name of religion with ethical issues in industry. The value of this can be tested, for the present, only by personal contacts.

One must discount somewhat the expressions that reach him in the closing hours of a series of sessions of the kind just held at Chicago. But making liberal allowance for group enthusiasm and the congratulatory instinct, I think the testimony of those attending the Chicago meeting as to the value of the conference is significant. The conference is doing its no inconsiderable bit toward making Catholic principles a vital force in American industrial life.

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A LAW THAT IS NOT A LAW

By BENEDICT ELDER

(We publish the following article by Benedict Elder because it is a lucid and logical statement of the case in favor of the right of a state legislature to enact laws and regulations governing the conduct of the public schools. Whether Tennessee has, or has not, exceeded the legal limits of its power in the case of the anti-evolution law, remains, of course, to be determined in the courts. Also, the question of the wisdom or the folly of such a law is quite another matter. Mr. Elder is well known both as a writer and a lawyer. He lives in Louisville, Kentucky, and is the editor of the Catholic diocesan newspaper in that city—the Louisville Record.—The Editors.)

ON MARCH 21, the Governor of Tennessee affixed his signature to an act of the legislature which provides—

"That it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any school supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of this state, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

This is the so-called anti-evolution law, for the alleged violation of which a high school professor of Dayton, Tennessee, has been indicted and will be tried at Dayton on July 10.

The act is in terms of law and has the force of law. It is not however of the nature of law. It is a public school regulation. The legislature, in passing the act, exercised the function only of the supreme governing body of the public schools of the state. They did not attempt to exercise the function of lawmaker for the body politic. Apart from schools supported by the public school fund, any person, even public school instructors, may teach any theory they wish respecting the Bible or the descent of man, while both the patrons and the pupils of the public schools are free to learn as much as they wish respecting these subjects from any source available, apart from the public school curriculum.

The sole purpose of the act is to prevent a public school instructor from employing the means, which the state puts at his disposal, to teach a theory that denies the Biblical account of the creation of man, and affirms instead that man has descended from the lower animals.

Whether or not the Tennessee legislature in assuming to regulate what shall not be taught in the public schools of that state, exceeded the power reposed in it by the constitution of Tennessee, is a question for the courts. Should it be found that this power is reposed in the legislature, then under accepted rules of legal construction the legislature is the judge as to when it is expedient or necessary to exert that power.

The lawyers for the defense have announced that they will resist the act on the ground that it violates the liberty of the citizen, which is guaranteed by the "due process" clause of the federal Constitution—but this is to overlook that the act is strictly limited to teaching in the public schools, and does not restrict the liberty of a citizen as such. There is no right in the citizen to demand of the state that it furnish him with buildings and pupils, and pay him a salary, in order to give him an opportunity to teach his theories on any subject.

If a Lutheran school board, or a Catholic school board, or a Jewish school board, should find it necessary to make a regulation similar to the Tennessee act for schools under their control, there would be no criticism of their action. In any system of schools, it is to be expected that the supreme governing body will inhibit the teaching of a theory that is inconsistent with the common accepted belief of those who support and patronize such schools. We expect this of the public school system. Should we discover a concerted movement to teach polygamy in the public schools, we would expect the legislature to stop it. Should the state find it necessary to forbid the teaching of Communism in the public schools, we would not find fault with its doing so. If the public schools were being used to teach Aristotle's dictum that it is natural for some to be masters and some to be slaves, and against nature for all to be free in civil society, we would expect someone in authority to inhibit such teaching, and as a last resort would turn to the legislature.

If it is the common accepted belief of those who support and patronize the public schools of Tennessee that the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible is true, why may not the legislature properly inhibit the teaching in such schools of a theory which denies this common belief? Whether or not the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible can be reconciled with the theory that man derives his origin from lower animals, is not to the point. If the two are reconciled by the public school instructors of Tennessee, the act is not violated—since it forbids them only "to teach any theory that denies the story of divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from the lower animals."

The expediency of such an act may be open to question. The right of a Christian commonwealth to forbid its public schools to be used to undermine the Christian faith of the people, is not open to question. Moreover, the question of expediency in this case is one for the legislature to determine. The legislature has determined it and, for reasons which it deemed sufficient, has declared in effect that the state of Ten-

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nessee will not furnish schools and pay salaries to instructors to teach the youth of that state that the theory related in the Bible, of the divine creation of man is false.

If the Tennessee legislature has erred in its judgment that such a measure is expedient, at least its error is on the side of courageous action, in an effort to preserve the Christian faith of its youth, by preventing schools which it compels the people to support from being used as a means to destroy the beliefs which those same people are taught in their churches, and for the most part inculcate in their homes.

It is said that the Tennessee act hampers scientific inquiry, but such a contention is not sound. The act leaves everyone, without exception, free to pursue any inquiry in which he may be interested. Moreover, it leaves all free to publish, expound, and teach their findings, irrespective of their implication or bearing. There is no sort of inhibition in the act as to teaching in private schools, through newspapers and magazines, in the forum, on the streets, or in the fields. To call the act an anti-evolution law is a trick of modern propaganda—it is nothing of the kind. It cannot be repeated too often—the act is a public school regulation. In passing it, the legislature exercised the function only of the board of directors of the public school system.

It is said that the act contravenes freedom of education—but this claim also, is not sound. If the act were law, imposing restraint on the citizens of Tennessee, such a claim would not be without merit; but as a mere public school regulation it is not open to the objection that it restricts freedom of education. The state has no monopoly on education. It is neither expected nor required to furnish instruction in all the realms of knowledge, even to a few, much less to all of its youth.

It is said that the act establishes the beliefs of the fundamentalists, but this claim is not tenable. The act does not establish anything. It does not declare that the Biblical account of the creation of man is true, nor that the theory that man is descended from the lower animals is false. It is simply a negation put upon instructors in the public schools to prevent them from using the prestige and facilities which their credentials as public school instructors, accredited by the state, naturally give them, to upset the common accepted beliefs of the youth committed to them for instruction.

It is not within the province of the state to declare this or that to be either true or false—whether it pertains to religion or to science. It is not within the province of the public schools to give instruction in any particular theory or belief, whether of religion or science, which is contrary to the accepted beliefs of those who support and patronize the public schools. The state has no right to put its citizens in a mental straight-jacket. If its citizens believe that the Bible is true, the state has no right to employ instructors at the public expense to teach its youth that the Bible is not true.

About liberty of thought—are the citizens of Tennessee to be deprived of the liberty to think that the Bible is true? What else does it mean when the state furnishes an instructor with equipment, gives him credentials and pays him a salary, if it allows him to teach untutored youth a theory that denies the truth of the Bible?

Let us not forget that no other instructor is permitted to teach that the Bible is true. This is precluded on the theory that our public schools are neutral. The pupils learn from their parents, from their Sunday-school teachers, from the pulpits in their churches, that the Bible is true. The state does not reaffirm its truth in the public schools because the public schools are neutral. The state does not allow a public school teacher to affirm the truth of the Bible—why should it allow one to deny the truth of the Bible?

There is a great deal of nonsense in the notion that everybody must be taught all about everything. Solon was directed to draft a code of laws for the Athenians; when he presented the completed work to his dicastery he was asked if that was the best code of laws he could draw. "No," he answered, "but it is the best the people are capable of receiving."

It is much the same with regard to education. It is not denying the truth of evolution to say it is not a proper subject for teaching in the public schools. It is as true today as always, that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Assuming that by dint of extraordinary research, scientists are able to show a strong probability in favor of the evolution of man's body, the body is not all there is to man. And, if in teaching youth indiscriminately what may probably be true about the body, all of their accepted beliefs in respect to the soul are upset or denied, who is so dogmatic in his own opinion as to say that that is the only thing to do?

Education is but a means to an end—and the end, in the case of education by the state, must be one within the competence of the state. That is to say, its object is to promote the general welfare. It is not the business of the state to teach all that is true—much less all that may probably be true—but only that which is essential or conducive to the general welfare; provided, of course, it does not restrict the freedom of those who have the inclination and the means to learn more on their own account.

The Tennessee act admits of such freedom. It is not a law in the strict sense, but a public school regulation only, which leaves the fullest liberty to both teachers and students outside the public schools in respect to the subject dealt with.

Most of the agitation over the matter is beside the point, assuming that the act is law, which it is not;

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or assuming that it forbids the teaching of every theory of evolution, which it does not. Where pertinent, the discussion seems to overlook what must be the future consequence of denying to the legislature the power to regulate state-supported schools so as to prohibit instruction in them that is considered detrimental to the general welfare; or to the right to determine when it is necessary or expedient to exert that power.

We possibly could dispense with state-supported schools without disastrous consequences; but it takes only half an eye to see that as long as they exist, state-supported schools must be controlled by the state, and not by any professional group—however learned. In our war and navy departments, we have found it wise to have them directed, not by soldiers and sailors, but under the rules prescribed by Congress. So, in our state systems of public education we will do well to continue them under non-professional and legislative control.

After all, the common judgment of the plain people is not to be scorned.

HEROES OF A RED DAWN

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

EVEN from the ranks of the Church Triumphant, the five Jesuit missionary priests and two devoted laymen, declared Blessed by the decree of June 21, and who will always be known as "the Jesuit Martyrs of North America," stand forth as a challenge to any standard of success which the world has erected, and by which profane history judges the commensurateness of effort with result. The record of the world is littered with ruined causes and lives that seem to have been given in vain; and of this mass of apparently wasted heroism, the cause of God, as is natural, has taken particularly heavy toll. Even so, without paying tribute for one moment to any of the standards by which the world assesses gain and loss, we feel instinctively that within martyrdom a deeper martyrdom can subsist.

To feel the knife at one's throat, or the flames creeping up one's limbs, and to know that every drop of blood which sinks into the ground, and every grain of ashes dispersed upon the air, is destined in God's providence to bear fruit a thousandfold, is a tragic and heroic fate. But to die, not only in torture whose recital chills the blood at the distance of three centuries, but in utter dereliction of spirit as well—to be the ruined leader of a lost cause, conscious that, as the shepherd is being stricken, the sheep are dispersing—to have led a nation to the Cross only to see them fastened to it before one's eyes—this is to taste the bitterness of martyrdom as few men, and these the very elect of Christ's Passion, have been predestined to taste it.

It is this extremity in their martyrdom which lends so spectral a quality to the story of Blessed Isaac Jogues and his companions.* It is not that because their lives were so comfortless, and their deaths so terrible—though few men can have suffered more—that historians, of alien religion and race, have bowed their heads when these noble names were mentioned. It is because the forlornness, the divine insanity of the task which they had imposed upon themselves, consecrates them and sets them apart from a world which has hardly ever dared to stake all on love. Like the scapegoat of the Israelites, loaded down with the sins of the people and driven forth into the alkaline desert to perish of thirst, these wild emissaries of the Cross pass out ahead of the great migration that is to build up a nation from Atlantic to Pacific, bearing upon their fore-doomed heads the burden, not only of wrongs that have been accomplished, but of those whose perpetration is in the womb of time. They become more than the glory of the Catholic Church and the Jesuit order. They are the reparation, offered by Christianity in advance, for all that Christianity will have to forget and forgive.

The story of their efforts to form a Christian Huron and Algonquin nation in Canada of the lakes, has often been told. Historians have presented it as an attempt by France to use the Church and the Jesuit order in a vast scheme of empire in northern America; but facts hardly bear them out. During the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, the home government, distracted first by the religious wars, and later by the troubles of the Fronde, was in no position, even if it had had the will, to render effective assistance with the secular arm. Interest in Canada was shown only by a succession of trading companies, who looked upon missionary enterprise with a dubious eye; and by a few men of vision, such as the pious Champlain. At the very crisis of the Iroquois war, when Montreal and Quebec were closely invested, the Company of Quebec was contemplating a transference of its activity and funds to the Levant. Among the Jesuit fathers themselves, Père Le Jeune may be said to have been the only one who, in his letters home, even remotely contemplates any temporal results to accrue from the evangelization of the Hurons.

The Jesuit Martyrs of North America, by John J. Wynne, S.J. New York: The Universal Knowledge Foundation.

Les Origines Réligieuses du Canada, by Georges Goyau, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

The Jesuit Relations.

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The epoch, closed by the destruction of the Christian tribes at the hands of the Iroquois, may be said to have begun with the return of the Jesuits in 1632, after Quebec, largely through Champlain's advocacy in London, had been given back to France. Père Le Jeune, who had already spent two years among the Algonquins in order to learn their language, has drawn up a sort of balance sheet of the Indian as Christian "prospect." On the one side he notes materialism, gluttony, gross superstition, sexual laxity, and especially a reliance on dreams, which renders them singularly undependable. On the credit side is a poverty that might easily be made apostolic, and an absolute lack of avarice or personal ambition—"those two tyrants which are the hell of so many Europeans." "Their soil," he concludes, "is a soil very good by nature, but sown with every evil weed that ground left untended since the beginning of the world can produce." The character of the Hurons, the one sedentary nation the missionaries found in the field, was still less attractive.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had the French government come to the assistance of the missionaries with the soldiers and colonists that Champlain and Le Jeune were never tired of demanding, building and garrisoning strong defensive posts—in other words, had the evangelization of French Canada proceeded slowly and methodically within gun-shot of the forts. In a way, the Jesuit fathers were the victims of neglect at home, but far more the ready victims of their own fervor and impatience for souls. To accompany roving bands of savages as cold-shouldered and often unwelcome guests, sharing their fasts and revolted at their feasts; to shoulder back-breaking burdens for miles and miles of portage over rocks and stumps at the risk of being abandoned in the forest if they fell behind; to hold their lives, waking or sleeping, on a hair, at the mercy of some malignant medicine-man or dreamer of dreams; to be witnesses of tortures they could not prevent, and the butt of mischievous young bucks who delighted in supplying indecent phrases in Indian for sacred equivalents—this was the lot for fourteen years, of over a score of men, many of them of gentle birth, from the France of Bossuet, Racine and Corneille. That anything at all should be accomplished under such conditions, would be a marvel. But that Père Jerome Lalemant (not to be confused with the martyr) could write home in 1650—"I have hardly left a single family, Algonquin or Montagnais, that is not entirely Christian," might pardonably be regarded as a positive miracle of divine grace.

In any case, a disaster was preparing that would dye the robes of these poor catechumens in their own blood, and make short work of the Indian Christian nation. When Père Isaac Jogues started for Quebec in the spring of 1642 to ask help for his struggling "Huronia," a start at settled life had already been made. At Sainte Marie, between what is today Midland Bay and Victoria Harbor a stockaded town had been built dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There was a school, a hospital, and a clergy house, with buildings to lodge a group of "donnés," or lay helpers. One of these was René Goupil, a young surgeon and apothecary, destined to fall first among the noble band whom Rome has beatified.

Of all their names, that of Isaac Jogues will always be the most familiar and best loved in America, not only because his blood alone has sanctified soil over which the Stars and Stripes floats today, but also because in him the spirit which animated all his companions, rises to a height of sublimation almost incredible. It was not without reason that for years the Iroquois among whom he died could never conceive of a black-robed missionary bearing any name save his. The son of a wealthy family of Orleans, and born under the shadow of the cathedral dedicated to "La Sainte Croix," it was his delight all his life to describe himself as "a citizen of the Cross." At La Flèche, where he was noted as a humanist and delivered what would be called the "class poem" in Latin, his early desire was to go to Ethiopia, "having learned that the Capuchins were being martyred there." He had landed in Canada in 1636, his hand had planted the first cross at Sainte Marie, and in one of his many toilsome journeys he had reached the country of the Sioux in the Mississippi Valley.

The little band under his command was on its way back from Quebec, laden with stores for the new mission, when it was surprised by a war-party of the Iroquois. The record of the cruelties and indignities inflicted upon the prisoners by their captors can hardly be paralleled even in the Gesta Martyrum. There is a childish wantonness, an inconsequential relish that it is hard to associate with mature human beings, however savage and degraded. It pierces even Jogues's bald and uncomplaining narrative—"They burned one of my fingers and crushed another with their teeth . . . through the midst of the wound made on his left hand, they thrust a long skewer, even to the elbow . . . they threw live coals and ashes on our bare flesh. . . . To cut off Guillaume's right forefinger, a barbarian used, not a knife, but a shell . . . which caused the sufferer's arm to swell even to the elbow." This calvary lasted days and weeks. A blow from a tomahawk on September 29 put an end to Goupil's suffering at last. But weary months of slavery lay before Jogues, until with the connivance of the Dutch authorities he was smuggled on a Netherlands vessel at Rensselaerswyck, and sent back to France. "Since the time I was taken," he writes in his relation, "I have baptised seventy persons—children, young people and old, of five different nations and languages, that 'of every tribe, and people, and tongue, they might stand in the sight of the Lamb.'"

On Christmas evening in 1643, a peasant in a vil-

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lage near St. Pol de Leon, was accosted by a lame man, dressed in tatters and leaning on a stick, who asked humbly to be shown the way to the parish church. The ragged wayfarer was Jogues, "a little humiliated because his sins had rendered him unworthy to die among the Iroquois."

Scorched and mutilated, and with a special dispensation from Rome to allow him to consecrate the Host with his crippled hands (on one of them only a single finger remained) Jogues is back in Canada in the winter of 1644, begging to be sent on a mission to his tormentors. "The Iroquois nation is my spouse," is his answer to objectors. "I have sealed the alliance with my blood." In October, 1646, accompanied by "a young man from Dieppe, named Jean La Lande," he sets out on his last journey. The wilderness swallows the pair up and months pass without news. In June, 1647, a letter from the Dutch governor at Manhattan sets doubt at rest. On the ground that "the devil" was in some poor effects left behind by Jogues during his term of slavery, a counsel had been held upon the arrival of the envoys. Remembering his constancy years ago, many orators spoke in favor of the "black robe." To forestall their clemency, a fanatical chief had slain both with his tomahawk, and their heads were impaled on the village stockade.

During this period of anguished waiting, one of the Ursuline nuns at Quebec had had a strange dream. It seemed to her that a great cross appeared, stretching its arms over the Huron country. Hardly a year had passed when the sinister prophecy was realized, and the storm broke upon Huronia. On July 24, the war-whoop rang outside the mission of Saint Joseph, just as Père Antoine Daniel was finishing Mass. Pressed to save himself, Daniel answered by dipping his handkerchief in water and aspersing his catechumens. His mangled body was cast on a big pyre, and 700 of his flock led away to torture or slavery. Still more terrible was the fate of Saint Ignace in the following March. Attacked by a war party of the merciless "Agnieroni," the village was stoutly defended for a time by its Christians, inspired by Père Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, but fell at the third assault. The two fellow-martyrs were a strange contrast. Brébeuf, the first apostle among the Algonquins, had been in Canada twenty-five years. He was the scion of an ancient Norman family, among whose ancestors were companions of the Conqueror. Of exceptional physique, his feats of strength at portages were the marvel of his wandering flock. Lalemant, a Parisian, had only been six months on the Canadian mission. He was "the frailest and most delicate man it is possible to imagine." Both showed the courage of lions. After their finger nails had been torn out, they were marched five miles to a post where the torture stakes had already been planted. "Lift up your eyes to Heaven," cried Brébeuf to his Indians in his powerful voice. His mouth was slit from ear to ear, his lips cut off, a collar of red-hot hatchet-blades hung around his neck, boiling resin poured into his wounds. Lalemant's torture lasted for seventeen hours. He was bound in bark, boiling water poured over him in mockery of baptism, his hands cut off as he raised them in prayer, and hot coals shoveled on his eyes. Thirty years before the vision vouchsafed to Blessed Margaret Mary, Lalemant had written in his book of meditations—"Up! my heart. Let us lose ourselves to give joy to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ!"

In December, 1649, the Iroquois turned to "the Neutral Nation." At the mission of Saint Jean, Charles Garnier, a native of Paris, was in charge. Even among his fellow ascetics, Garnier's asceticism was notorious. He ate only roots and herbs, and refrained from making any request at all of his superiors. "God is not obliged to be on any one's side," he was fond of saying. Garnier might have escaped with the men of the village when the alarm was given, but stayed behind with the women and children, baptising and comforting them till he fell. Noël Chabanel, his curate, ordered by his superior to accompany the refugees, was slain the next day by a Huron, who railed upon him and his order as the cause of all the miseries they were suffering. Unable to master the difficult Indian languages, Chabanel had for years longed to return to France. At the Feast of Corpus Christi, a year before his martyrdom, a sudden revulsion overtook him. Making a vow of "perpetual stability," he asked as his penance that his martyrdom might take place "where none would ever know of it"—"dans l'ombre."

From the day Saint Joseph fell, the Huron nation were a people in flight. By hundreds they poured into Sainte Marie, demanding food and shelter—but most of all baptism. "In less than a year, more than 3,000 were christened." When Sainte Marie was no longer tenable, the torch was set to its buildings and the scene of a ten years' apostolate went up in flames. Famine and plague followed close on the tomahawk. At the island of Saint Joseph in Lake Huron, where a brief halt was made, they completed the destruction of this people, literally "saved by fire." On June 10, 1650, a long file of canoes, bearing 300 Hurons, with what were left of their pastors, set out from the island which had become the cemetery of their race. Under the walls of Quebec the sorrowful remnant finally took refuge.

Père Raguenau, writing to the general of his order, in Rome, recounts the heart-rending details of this last phase, yet adds—"Never have we gathered in such fruits of our labors: never did the faith push down deeper roots: never has the name of Christian been so glorified as in the midst of this ruin of a hapless nation."

And never, surely, did nobler or more devoted harvesters carry home a more tragic harvest.

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THE CUCKOO

By RONALD A. KNOX

I AM not in the habit of writing nature notes, because, although there is an encyclopedia available, it is such a nuisance cutting the pages. But the cuckoo deserves to be sung in deathless journalism for its many gifts to mankind, and chiefly for the ease with which its cry is distinguished from that of other birds. I believe even city folk would recognize it, though of course they know nothing about the cuckoo, except that it is to be found in the country and that you can get there by train. (I want to write a pathetic story about a little boy who thought that trees were all blue, and flowers were all cubical, because he had never been to the country but only seen it on the subway posters.) I know it is not the right time of year for my subject; for the well-trained journalist writes his article a fortnight before Saint George's day. But we country folk find it really occupies our minds, not in those early days of spring when we suddenly exclaim—"Ha! the cuckoo!" but in the summer, when he starts at three in the morning and never shows any particular inclination to stop.

He is not, of course, a popular figure in bird-mythology. He is criticized for his drastic way of overcoming the housing problem—a method which would hardly be tolerated even in Glasgow. Schoolmasters, in particular, feel strongly about his persistent attempts to board out his family without paying any fees. La Fontaine, if he had been a schoolmaster would have given us an excellent fable about the cuckoo-parents who put their boy out to nurse with a lark family, and then came down and complained of the small progress he was making with his singing-lessons. But perhaps, after all, the bird has been misjudged. I, certainly, was always under the impression that it shirked the duty of nidification from sheer idleness. Whereas I see from Facciolati's Latin lexicon that the reason is far less discreditable. The bird, says my author, knows that it is very unpopular with all the other birds (professional jealousy, no doubt, among musical temperaments) and that if it did build a nest, all the others would come and pull it to pieces. If this is true, the problem of "what to do with our sons" must be a difficult one to solve, and we should think twice before we blame it for its want of home life.

The fascinating thing about the bird is its curious uniqueness. We recognize that in common language; people tell you, or write to the papers to say, that they have heard the cuckoo; they do not tell you that they have seen the lamb, or that they have picked the primrose, or that they have caught the cold—the cuckoo alone, among all the harbingers of spring, remains obstinately singular. One never sees the word in the plural—would it be cuckoos or cuckooes? Both look silly. No, there is something solitary about the cuckoo, as there was about the phoenix. You may be within earshot of two, or even three, at once; but they are always at a wide distance from each other; each has its own beat, apparently, and sticks to it.

It is here that I take a personal interest in the affair. I always spend a good deal of the summer imitating the cuckoo by blowing into my hands. In non-feathered biped circles, the turn has been something of a success; nor can I forbear to mention yet again the young lady of three who greeted her first experience of the genuine article with shouts of "Fa'er Knox!"

Cows, too, will gather round to listen; a compliment which they do not pay to the regular performer. Why is it that cows never take any notice of the birds, yet will stand as motionless as a grand opera audience to admire human music? But the attitude of the bird itself is far more difficult to determine. Several times it has been attracted to the spot; I will not describe the best instance of this, because it is not the sort of thing one believes in print. But more often it either flies away, or sits in pensive silence, cocking its head in a suspicious way. Does it think that it has strayed on to a neighbor's beat—or that an unauthorized rival is trespassing on its own? I have known it to fly away with a series of disapproving clucks—much more like a maiden aunt than a cuckoo.

But this uniqueness attaches to the species, not merely to the individual bird. Why, for example—since the Greeks and the Latins were familiar with his existence—did he never pass into a legend? You may read all through Ovid's Metamorphoses, if you have the leisure, without finding any record of his sad story. Yet it would not have been difficult.

Coccyx, I take it, was a noble youth, who was kept on a short allowance by his parsimonious father. To supplement this, he used to betake himself to the seaside every year in the month of August—here he would disguise his ivory face with soot, and sing songs in public, to the delight of all except his next-door neighbors, who were exasperated beyond measure (for the walls of seaside lodging houses were thin in those days) by his persistent efforts to practise the scale. One year, an unfortunate year for him, the adjoining rooms were taken by Jupiter, then traveling under one of his discreditable aliases. The patience of the god was soon worn out by the monotonous performance, and he turned the unhappy young man into a grey bird, with three additional disqualifications—that he should always be homeless, that he should sing on two notes only, and that his voice should get worse

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and worse as the month of July wore on, until in August, for very shame, he had to migrate and fly overseas.

But after all, that is only a legend. What light do the cold ratiocinations of science throw on the mystery of the cuckoo? It is all very well to talk about the survival of the fittest; but how did a bird with a voice that gave it away like that ever manage to survive? How could it ever escape its natural foes, or how could its natural prey ever fail to escape it? Why, alone of birds, has it never learned to husband its ridiculous singing powers, instead of lacerating its vocal chords until they fade away into paroxysms of whooping-cough? No man ever heard a hoarse lark, a hoarse nightingale; yet either—you would think—must be more pestered and besought by Dame Nature for encores.

For after all, what better satire could you have on your own generation than the young cuckoo—his relentless attitude of "get on or get out" towards his slow-hatching foster-brothers; his complete lack of mauvaise honte at finding himself a foreigner in their midst; his conviction that the loudest solo, however monotonous, must be most pleasing to the public ear; the ease, finally, with which we accept him at his own valuation, forget his shady antecedents, and welcome him as a long-standing institution? A certain school of economics might press the moral further home, and suggest that we do ill to prevent our neighbors from laying eggs in their own nests, thus forcing them to come and lay in ours; congratulating ourselves the while on the employment which he provides to Father and Mother Lark in the hatching of them. But that would border on controversy.

Meanwhile, I am pleased to notice that the bird's voice is going already. "Cookookoo, Cookookookoo, Cook!"

I could do it better myself. Am I right, perhaps, in thinking that it gets paid out for the miserable pushfulness and efficiency of its origins by the consciousness, all through June and July, that it is a figure of fun? Does it overhear, too proud to seem to overhear, the whispered criticisms which come from the rest of the bird-choir—

"My dear, did you ever hear anything like that last note? He can't even manage the interval!—Tiu-tiu-tiu-tio!—Well, I suppose we ought to be charitable, and thank Providence that it doesn't happen to us—Jug-jug-jug!"

Yes, they are malicious but satisfactory consolations, these whispered triumphs of the artist over the successful climber. And perhaps they rub it in a bit when they get back to that still-undiscovered birdland where they all go in September.

Why does not one of these aviators, thirsting for new records to break, go up in pursuit of some autumn flight of starlings, and find out where it is they really go?

Peacock's Feather

What, for admittance to your bright bazaar?
I have not much to pay. My purse is flat.
My pocket's empty as a last year's nest.
Here, take the peacock's feather from my hat!

No? Then the purse itself. I had it once
From a rich merchant sailing from Bombay.
A slender service I had chanced upon
To render him. The purse was full, that day.

No? Comrade, listen. I am hungry—spent
With journeyings and pains I may not speak.
Let me come in, and serve you, for a crust—
A bowl of lentils. More I do not seek.

Oh, these gay gauds, and trinketings, and stuffs!
And my poor rags. I had forgotten, quite,
The look of Beauty's face. You see, my eyes
Are dim—with dust, perhaps, or sudden light!

What is that fragrance? Food! Shall I not tend
Upon some need of yours before I eat?
No? Ah, my friend, what manna. You are kind.
I never knew that bread could be so sweet.

And wine. A draught of wine! What is this place?
Am I come into Heaven, and did not know
When I slipped through the little Gate of Death?
Sir—are you God—and have not told me so?

Oh, your good human laughter! Now I know
It is still earth I am concerned with. Pray
Let me be finished with this banqueting.
Set me my tasks. I would begin to pay.

What am I? Just a dreamer. Only that.
A poet. And what poet, for his hire
Ever earned more than hunger . . . loneliness. . .
A crust . . . and fagots for his little fire?

And, hark you, one thing more, one precious thing—
An understanding with the stars of night,
With winds, and waters, hills, and every tree—
With voiceless dreams, and children, and delight . . .

There, now you know me. That is all I am.
How can I serve you, Master? How, indeed!
Set you a booth of dreams, and show my wares—
My little visions? Would the careless heed?

The world is ready for a dream, you say . . .
And folk will understand me when I call
"Lad, here! A star, for yon sweet lady's hair"—
And catch the trinket as I let it fall?

And they will not deride me when I sing
Enchantments to them? When I bid them run
With feet, white-sandaled, to the groves of dawn,
And pluck gold petals from the flowering sun?

Then point me out a place where I shall stand.
And go and tell the weary to come in.
But ask no dole of silver at the gate,
Nor any recompense, for that were sin.

Good Master, I will serve you with my life.
Though what you ask, more joy than service seems.
Here be a talisman to conjure with—
A peacock's feather, in a booth of dreams.

BARBARA YOUNG.

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POEMS

Counting Room

Give me a meaning, or the petal of a flower—
Life is dull with dew;
Heavy is the evening, heavier the morn—
One and one are two.

Give me a meaning, or the scent of a rose,
Beauty still must be
Counterpart to intelligence—
One and two are three.

Give me an answer, or any part of death,
For death is very plain,
It loves you or it loves you not,
Brings rapture, or brings pain.

Take me, beauty, kiss me on the lips,
Smother love with more,
For after you the counting-room—
Two and two are four.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Motif

I cannot give you happiness,
  I cannot make you wise.
I have wandered half across the world
  With a mist before my eyes.

I have wandered half across the world
  And never once come out
On the quiet place walled round with light
  That wanderers dream about.

Where the true road lies I do not know;
  But every song I make
Shall cry one warning down the night:
  "This path you must not take!"

MUNA LEE.

For You Only

If I were a silkworm,
I would make silk enough
For you only.

If I were a flower
I would have you my perfume.

I come out of a desert,
Hungry, thirsty.
I have passed a thousand brooks
To drink of you only.

LEON HERALD.

Broken Dreams

Break after break in my lutestrings of art—
Half of my singing life is vainly spent
In trying to mend my shattered instrument
In a poor corner of life's crowded mart.

O heavy thought! when I from hence depart
And the cold evening comes with pensive gleams
I'll leave unsung the music of my heart
Unwritten the great poem of my dreams.

Who cares if dreams be broken, songs unsung?
Today a copper coin bears greater worth
Than the pure music on a poet's tongue,
(The wealth of heaven unrecognized on earth!)
While the accountants of fat merchant-men
Count up dull totals with the poet's pen.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

Dilemma

These blue damp twilights dusted with the wings
Of early white moths cannot hurt me now—
I have been too long broken at the plough
Of beauty; and the cool uncluttered things
Blurring across the dusk, leave sound that clings
No further than their bright death will allow;
And that is all: a flicking of the brow
With fire, a twitching of the slackened strings.

What shall I do when this I shared with her
Comes back without her: moth-blown twilight fog
Swarming into my eyes—the sooty blur—
And terror in the piping of a frog;
The puddled bloom of oil that makes a stir
After the rain in every sulphurous bog.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Early Sleep

Now the irretrievable days
Go by, Apollo's horses run
Between the east and western gates,
The moon eagle pursues the sun.

Still, the intrigue of leaf and bud
Goes on, and summer's treacheries,
And wounded roses are the halls
Of gusty and bewildered bees.

But there is rumor of a sleep
That stirs me more than lark or sound;
I am familiar with the dark
As one already underground.

HAROLD VINAL.

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BOOKS

The New Barbarians, by William C. Abbott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IT is a well-known saying that ancient civilization went down under barbarian assault from without; but if modern civilization goes down, it will be through barbarian assault from within. That is the possibility which this book examines. Its author, who is professor of history at Harvard University, points out that in politics it has been the way of man to build beyond his power to maintain. "The vast and vanished empires of the East; the complex culture and power of Athens; the Roman empire—all these, in turn, have risen and been overthrown by simpler, often ruder, powers." Must modern civilization pass away, too, in its turn? "We are, in the opinion of some, witnessing a barbarian invasion from below, which by economic means is as surely eliminating the cultural classes as the Goths eliminated the Roman cultural elements." What then will be the ultimate effect upon modern civilization? "Will this barbarian invasion from below topple this huge fabric to the ground, and the whole world be driven to begin again the long and painful process of rebuilding society?"

This has an alarmist sound, but this is not an alarmist work. It is a sober, thoughtful stock-taking of the assets and liabilities of modern civilization, carried out with manly directness, strong grasp, and sincere statement. The style is clear and powerful, and the work is in every way a forceful discussion of a theme that is really tremendous in its importance. Professor Abbott makes some telling criticisms upon the proletarian movements of the times, and he reaches some reassuring conclusions as to the extent of their powers of mischief, but he also presents evidence that our civilization is too artificial, too complex and too costly to endure in its present form. Extensive readjustments are inevitable, and no matter what improvements may be effected in legislative capacity or in administrative methods they cannot possibly suffice for all emergencies. Moral factors must coöperate—where are they to be found? The present disposition is to put all burdens on the state; but the camel may lie down under his load.

Professor Abbott notes that the fundamental trouble of our times is "the present mechanistic philosophy of the world and its impersonality." Here is something that lies quite out of the sphere of the modern state, which, by the nature of its constitution, is concerned only with secular interests. If human life involves more than secular interests then recourse must be had to other than political institutions for the cure of social ills. But purely secular aims control the movements that are now shaking all institutions and are breaking down the existing social order. It is the hope and belief of Socialists that political arrangements are feasible, by which economic independence may be achieved for the individual—not perhaps in the case of such vast populations as now exist, but certainly for the hardy remnants that will survive the necessary revolutions and the sweeping clearances that are requisite for the establishment of the socialist régime. Ideals of this nature have undoubtedly acquired power to inspire great enthusiasm. They animate many ardent spirits with something like religious devotion. Professor Abbott quotes a passage of genuine eloquence from Hyndman's Evolution of Revolution, in which that Socialist leader predicts the coming of a time when "death itself will be nothing more than a sigh of satisfied content at the close of a charming and well-ordered banquet of life."

What if life is not meant to be a banquet, but is of the nature of a proving ground, a testing station? Professor Abbott remarks that "it has been said that the ideal of socialism is only 'this world with the unpleasant things left out.'" But even supposing that the entire socialist program can be accomplished, what value is left in life by this scheme of living? "It rejects," remarks Professor Abbott, "that oldest and truest of paradoxes, that he who gains his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life shall find it. It omits the fact that few persons work for the sheer love of work and many will not work at all, if they can avoid it. Its noblest figure is that of eating; its loftiest hope is sleep. It aspires to a dead level, however high, of selfish enjoyment, of physical and intellectual satiety." And yet the unpleasant things of life are not the most afflicting, but rather the satieties and futilities of life, and these would be intensified if socialism could have its way. The major premise of socialism, that life is worth living for its own sake, is opposed to actual experience. Animal content cannot satisfy human needs. Whatever else may be the characteristics of the socialist state, should it ever be established, it is safe to say that a high death rate from suicide will be one of them.

Professor Abbott is not a dealer in reform programs. His task is criticism of existing conditions and tendencies, and this task he has performed in a way that gives the reader much to think about.

HENRY JONES FORD.

The New Psychology, by E. Boyd Barrett. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.75.

IT is time that someone should take up the subject of the "new psychology" and write of it from a conservative standpoint. Father E. Boyd Barrett, S.J., has undertaken this task and done it so well as to make it a valuable contribution to current literature on the subject. Readers of his books will know that here is a writer who has studied the latest authoritative books on the various phases of the new psychology up to the date of publication. The book is a mine of scholarly erudition. The author has not limited his work to contributions from English speaking countries nor has he confined himself to merely present-day features of psychology. French authors particularly are frequently quoted and there are precious references to old writers, who would ordinarily not be considered to have written anything that could be of interest in the discussion of the subject.

Father Barrett calls attention particularly to the fact that while the idea of the subconscious or unconscious in psychology is supposed to be quite new—a discovery of our generation in fact—it is about as old as philosophy itself. A quotation from Father Maher's textbook on psychology is illuminating in this regard—

"Adopting the Aristotelico-scholastic theory that the soul is a substantial principle at once the sources of vegetative, sentient and rational life, the view (that is, the realities of the unconscious activities in the human mind) seems to be forced upon us."

Father Barrett has also called to attention Saint Augustine's anticipations of modern thought in this, as in so many other interests. Augustine emphasized the presence of things forgotten in the memory. Certain truths, he declared—"were

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already in my memory, but in so remote and retired a part, as it were in its most hidden caverns, that unless they had been solicited by the suggestion of another I might possibly never have thought of them." Saint Augustine was not alone in this, but as Father Barrett points out, there are similar allusions to the strange, mysterious subconscious activities of the mind, in the writings of Saint Francis de Sales, Saint Teresa, Saint John of the Cross, Saint Vincent de Paul and other great Catholic ascetic writers, and above all in the works of Saint Bernard.

There is another phase of the unconscious, that which was treated by Hartmann a full generation before Freud and his disciples. Hartmann, with Teutonic thoroughness, published three large octavo volumes on the philosophy of the unconscious, in which he dwells particularly on the instinctive knowledge and reactions within the body, and gives an excellent idea of the wide scope of this subject. Hartmann has not dragged in irrelevant material and has made a most interesting work that unfortunately is not read as it should be in our time by those who are so intent on emphasizing the newness of the ideas underlying the unconscious.

The conservative side of Father Barrett's book forms an excellent introduction to the new psychology by showing the background in which what is supposedly new in it should be seen. Some of the claims that are made for the book as we have it are, however, rather amusingly remindful of other present-day efforts to secure a hearing for theories on the score of novelty. The first paragraph on the back page of the paper cover is very interesting—"This volume achieves the triumph of the new psychology and wins for it the adherence of the student-world. It vindicates the psychoanalytic method; it demonstrates the value of auto-suggestion and the new methods of mind cure; it elucidates the problems of dreams, telepathy and hypnosis; it gives clear and profound analyses of nerve troubles and mental abnormalities."

This would seem to indicate the acceptance on the part of the author of most of the claims for the new psychology in the field of psycho-therapeutics or of mind healing. The psychoanalytic method we owe to Freud of Vienna. He cured a case of hysteria by a process of mind searching, and then proceeded to use this method not only for mental healing, but as the basis of a whole system of philosophy, explaining not alone man and his conduct and activities, but also literature and religion, as well as theology and metaphysics on the basis of this so-called psychoanalysis. Freud's disciples have gone much further than their master in the application of his principles. The one telling argument for the fundamental value of the method has been that it produced "cures." But then cures of hysteria are the commonest things in the history of medicine. The neurologists who have the largest experience, refuse to believe that psychoanalysis is anything more than another one of the many modes of suggestion that have been introduced for the cure of the psychoneuroses or hysterias, which have failed to be effective as soon as their novelty wore off.

It is the psychotherapeutic part of Father Barrett's book that is extremely dubious. The human mind cures a great many affections, and people often say—"Isn't it wonderful the way the mind cures the body?" But that is not what is wonderful. To put it that way is to put the cart before the horse. What is wonderful is that the mind can produce all sorts of symptoms in the body. It can manifest quite literally the symptoms of every disease, though it cannot produce the disease itself, in so far as that is a physical entity. Once the mind has produced symptoms, only the mind itself, can cure them, though there may be some physical consequences of those symptomatic conditions which will have to be treated by physical means.

Psychoanalysis has cured a certain number of these hysterical patients but, far from giving it prestige, it has only brought it under serious suspicion. Indeed it is surprising, under the circumstances, to see this book treat hypnotism as if it were still a serious therapeutic resource. There are practically no reputable physicians now who use hypnotism. Other curious survivals of the same kind appear in The New Psychology. It is interesting to have the Zancigs resurrected from their vaudevillian graves and taken seriously and to have the telepathic jest of the good priests in Providence who were invited to dinner by thought-transfer presented as serious evidence for "soul speech." Conservatism might well have gone much further in the treatment of some of the claims of the new psychology.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Washington Irving, Esq., by George S. Hellman. New York: A. A. Knopf. $4.00.

WASHINGTON IRVING shares with Alexander Hamilton a very gentlemanly distinction among the Americans of earlier days; the old world elegance that characterized both has been preserved for us in a graphic manner in the exquisite phrasing, the gentle fancy and the cosmopolitan spirit of Irving's Sketches and creative works. It is a pleasant reflection to realize that in early America, particularly in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, there existed circles of the culture and refinement that could produce such delightful and fine personalities as Washington Irving and many of his friends.

Mr. Hellman in several earlier volumes such as Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort, The Journal of Washington Irving, and the Letters of Henry Brevoort to Irving, has had full preparation for his task of final interpreter of the author of Rip Van Winkle, Knickerbocker, and The Alhambra. His work has been charmingly written with the ease of full knowledge, which, however, might have noted the efforts of Thomas Moore made to procure a publisher in London for Irving's first books.

With Edgar Allen Poe, Irving shares the honors of greatest American international reputation. A monument to him has recently been unveiled in Spain, and in Granada the Washington Irving Hotel has been, rather comically, attributed to the Father of His Country. It is to Irving in fact that southern Spain and Granada owe their original vogue with American and English readers and travelers.

Irving, a charming susceptible young New Yorker—unusually cultivated, yet not altogether without provincial limitations—passed across Europe a "Ambassador-at-large from the new world to the old," as Mr. Hellman describes him. Then, as now, Europe was over-run with the blatant 100 percent American—at that time, the general foreign idea of a typical inhabitant of these United States was a cross between a feathered, whooping Iroquois, and an out-and-out boor.

It was a day when America needed ambassadors-at-large to assert her claims to civilization, culture and refinement, and Irving with his polish and charm was the real answer that America gave to Thomas Moore's criticisms and Charles Dickens's caricatures.

THOMAS WALSH.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Laxdaela Saga, translated from the Icelandic by Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch Company. $2.50.

ONE does not have to resort to Iceland to find the continuance of the pagan blood-feud carried down through the first centuries of Christianity: in fact, we might in certain quarters trace its ramifications in definite lines down to our own century in primitive places and among primitive peoples. Mr. Thorstein Veblen is not a very safe authority, therefore, in dealing with the conversion of the Icelandic pagan to the church which he carefully designates as mediaeval, with some side kicks at propaganda of the faith, superstitions, etc., which belonged, he says, to the period represented in the Laxdaela Saga. The wonder grows when one discovers that there is nothing in the text of the Laxdaela Saga that concerns these questions of paganism and Christianity: that we are presented quite gratuitously with Mr. Veblen's ideas regarding the early Christian missionaries, ideas that differ radically from the stories that creditable historians have told of the pioneer bishops and monks who laid the foundations of the Catholic Church in Iceland. The Saga itself is a charming archaic narrative and will make interesting reading as a primitive document, authentic as well as graphic, on the manners and life in the remote north about 1000 A. D. It will make an excellent supplement to the material gathered and translated by Lady Gregory and the Sigersons from the old Celtic romances, which in several ways it resembles and reëchoes.

Brazil, by Herman G. James. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THE alliance of Brazil with the conquering forces of the great war has drawn upon that country the favor and interest of the outer world, quick to recognize the strength and merits of a compeer in the modern fields of competition. Mr. Herman G. James has shown a practical knowledge of his subject and gives an excellent account of the material possessions and promise of this great southern republic. He deals with the history, governmental system, population, foreign commerce and social conditions of the Brazilians, but there is never a word of the press or books or periodicals of the country. A work silent on Olavo Bilac and Julia Francisca is something of an unblushing novelty with which to face the reviewers of today.

A Poetry Recital, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT is always interesting to learn just what are the favorite poems a well known poet will select from his previously published volumes. Mr. James Stephens, who has recently been paying a first visit to America, enlightens us on this point in a selection from his earlier books of verse with a few new pieces added for good measure. As might be expected, Mr. Stephens has chosen the most cryptically Irish things in his anthology: the heavily accented verses are reminiscent of old bardic metres that he has apparently studied deeply, and the old note of his Crock of Gold comes back clearly in many of his lines. Altogether it is a most charming collection, and would well grace the connoisseur's bookshelf.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Somnolence pervaded the Library. The usual attendance was in evidence, but each one showed marked signs of an after-the-fourth fatigue. Presently the Editor came in. "Here is something to wake all of you up," he remarked, as he pulled a letter from his pocket. "I shall read it just as it is typed—and you shall judge whether the author has gone in for a simplified spelling all his own—or whether his typewriter has a peculiar impediment in its speech." The others yawned and rubbed their eyes, as the Editor began—" 'To the Edotors—Can you not spare your long-suffering readers, at least during the hot weather, the irritating, fatuons levity pf Angelicus, Criticua, Anonymoncule, and the unspeakable Tittivillus? They wous ruin any Quiet Xorner. Yours hopefully—' "

* * *

"Why do you think those are mistakes?" asked Dr. Angelicus, sleepily. "I should say that the author had been reading Chaucer, and affects the early English style of spelling. Moreover, there is a note of sincerity in his letter, which I, for one, intend to respect. Adieu, friends. I depart," said the Doctor, who had been longing for an excuse to go home. "As the Editor, by omission, is the only one exonerated in this letter, I suggest that he remain, to conduct as best he can, our weekly discussion."

Whereupon, Tittivillus romped out of the room, crying—"School's out!," and Miss Anonymoncule, murmuring something about a sale of hats, also made her exit.

* * *

The Editor looked helplessly about him.

"I can't Quiet Corner all by myself," he protested.

"I shall bear you company," said Primus Criticus. "I think there is something in law which says that if a document misspells a person's name, it is presumed that the reference is void, unless proved to the contrary. There being no member of this group called Primus Criticua, I shall stand on my rights and remain lying on this comfortable sofa. For," he continued, "I went to a party the other evening that I should like to tell you about."

"A fourth-of-July party?" asked the Editor.

"Not exactly—though to be sure, I think there must have been at the end, what might figuratively be called fireworks. She who was hostess," he continued, "is of the 'I'm-tired-of-society-I-want-to-be-intellectual' variety. She is also of a quite determined disposition, has on occasion a fairly biting tongue, and I think it would not be incorrect to hazard that hers is the voice of authority in the home. Which is perhaps as it should be—since her husband is an artist. After dinner, the lady proposed a game, in which one person goes out of the room and those who are left choose a well-known personality—some one prominent in politics, the arts, or society—and then

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call the absent one back. This one then tries to guess the name of the celebrity agreed upon, by a series of questions, such as 'what flower is she like?' or 'what epoch of history does he suggest?' etc. Several rounds had been played when the turn of the hostess as questioner came. When she had gone out of the room, some one suggested that they choose her as a subject. Forthwith she was called back, and began her questions.

"'What book is she like?' she asked one of her guests.

"'The Encyclopedia Britannica,' was the answer.

"'Does she suggest any vegetable?'

"'A tomato stuffed with peppers.'

"At this juncture I began to grow a little uneasy," went on Primus Criticus, "but it then seemed too late to retreat. There was nothing to do, but to go on. Just then, our hostess turned to her husband, and asked him—'What dog is she like?'

"'A police-dog,' he readily replied.

"The lady, it goes without saying, could not guess the identity of the person she had been asking about, and at length had to be told. The party broke up early. And as I departed, leaving the hostess and her husband alone together, I somehow felt that a certain species of fireworks was the last number on the program—which, I regret to say, had to be missed by the rest of us."

* * *

"What an intellectual strain society is burdened with," said the Editor, "in having to think up new games to play, and new things to wear. Its ingenuity is admirable—and one wonders why more of the fashionable world do not succumb to nervous breakdowns. I see, for instance, a despatch in the morning paper from one of our smartest summer colonies. It is dated Sunday, and reads—

"'After the service at Saint Andrew's church, a large crowd gathered on the beach, and Mrs.—— attracted attention with an anklet of brilliants, worn on the left ankle under her silk stocking.'"

"I hope the lady did not attract attention in the church," mused Primus Criticus. "Yet it might be a sort of antidote for summer sermons. In case the topic is of agreeable things, listen—in case of hell-fire, look around now and choose your nearest anklet."

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